

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Can I kiss you?

Then he suddenly pulls back, as if he might laugh, and runs his fingers through Elio's hair, messing it up.

ELIO brings his mouth to Oliver's in a fiercely eager kiss. Something seems to clear away between them, and both abandon themselves to the kiss. ELIO hungrily kisses Oliver's closed eyes, his nose, his ears, his throat, discovering them with his lips. OLIVER kisses him back as eagerly, even roughly.

ELIO gets under the covers. There are some things lying on the bed that hadn't been removed - a book, some magazines, a pack of cigarettes, and ELIO slips a foot under them as if they weren't there; they all fall onto the floor. OLIVER gets under the covers too and starts to undress ELIO.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Off, and off, and off, and off...  
(tossing them away)

ELIO is soon naked and lies back under the sheet in a kind of ecstasy as OLIVER moves his hands over his body, as inquisitive as Marzia's had been the night before in the street. When OLIVER pulls the sheet back, ELIO loves being naked before him. No secrets. OLIVER kisses him, kisses his body, takes his penis (off-screen) briefly in his mouth, then returns to kiss Elio's open lips again more deeply, as if he too is finally letting go. OLIVER is also naked, and not a part of him isn't touching ELIO now. They stare at each other.

ELIO looks away, because OLIVER is staring at him. Then he looks back, and now stares at OLIVER, as they settle into a mock wrestling position with Oliver's shoulders rubbing Elio's knees. ELIO looks into Oliver's eyes in an intensity of love and expectation, wanting this moment to last forever, knowing there will be no coming back from this.

When it happens - when OLIVER enters ELIO - there is a degree of pain and discomfort. ELIO flinches and fights an impulse to stop him, which OLIVER sees.

OLIVER (CONT'D) You're okay?

An eternity seems to pass between Elio's reluctance to make up his mind and Oliver's instinct to make it up for him.

They fuck. Bodies are entangled. Elio is flushed, turning from side to side as he alternates obscenities with Oliver's name; Oliver's face is more implacable, his lips softly repeating what ELIO says, until he bends forward to say to him:

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Call me by your name and I'll call  
you by mine.

They continue their rhythm, taking ELIO in a realm he has never known before, and murmuring his own name as if it were Oliver's: Elio... Elio... Elio. The Star of David bounces on Oliver's chest.

A LITTLE LATER

OLIVER pulls out and says to ELIO (Oliver) that he is going to come. ELIO watches the formidably discreet, formidably cool OLIVER make faces and peak before his very eyes. When he comes, it's all over Elio's chest, saying "I want to! I want to!". It is a shock at first when OLIVER spreads his semen out with the palm of his hand over Elio's stomach and chest.

OLIVER, still straddling ELIO, picks up his billowy blue shirt from the floor and cleans him with it.

ELIO  
Did we make noise?

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Can I kiss you?

ELIO  
Yes, please.

Then he suddenly pulls back, as if he might laugh, and runs his fingers through Elio's hair, messing it up.

ELIO brings his mouth to Oliver's in a fiercely eager kiss. Something seems to clear away between them, and both abandon themselves to the kiss.

ELIO hungrily kisses Oliver's closed eyes, his nose, his ears, his throat, discovering them with his lips. OLIVER kisses him back as eagerly, even roughly.

ELIO lies back on the bed. OLIVER climbs atop him and starts to undress ELIO.

OLIVER  
(whispering)  
Off, and off, and off, and off...  
(tossing them away)

ELIO is soon naked and lies back in a kind of ecstasy as OLIVER moves his hands over his body, as inquisitive as Marzia's had been the night before in the street. When OLIVER pulls the sheet back, ELIO loves being naked before him. No secrets. OLIVER kisses him, kisses his body, then returns to kiss Elio's open lips again more deeply, as if he too is finally letting go. OLIVER is also naked, and not a part of him isn't touching ELIO now. They stare at each other.

An eternity seems to pass between Elio's reluctance to make up his mind and Oliver's instinct to make it up for him.

They make love. Bodies are entangled. Elio is flushed, Oliver's face is more implacable, his lips softly repeating what ELIO says, until he bends forward to say to him:

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Call me by your name and I'll call  
you by mine.

They continue their rhythm, taking ELIO in a realm he has never known before, and murmuring his own name as if it were Oliver's: Elio... Elio... Elio.

The Star of David bounces on Oliver's chest.

A LITTLE LATER

OLIVER, laying next to ELIO, picks up his billowy blue shirt from the floor and uses it to wipe the evidence of their lovemaking off his chest.

ELIO  
Did we make noise?

